

If “I love you” was a promise, would you break it? by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things - Fandom

Genre: F/M, I suck at tags, Mileven, even hopper ships them even though he pretend not to, everyone ships it, i have nothing to do so why not, if mike and el kissed instead of hugged, im just sad and lonely hopefully this will help, mileven fluff

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

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Summary:

Retrace my lips

Erase your touch

It's all too much for me

Blow away

Like smoke in air

How can you die carelessly?

...

or where el says “fuck it” and kisses the boy.

1. You want me to be yours, well then you gotta be mine.

Author's Note:

title song- idontwannabeyouanymore by billie eilish

hey everyone!! i almost cried during the last two episodes of season 2, so here's me pouring out my feelings until 2019 and we can finally have season 3. enjoy &comment people you want me to write for!

mike doesn't expect to live.

when there's a good handful of killer monsters from another dimension right outside and all you have is a candlestick for defense, you don't really anticipate life.

i wish i could tell el that i love her. that's my only regret.

then the stupid demodog crashes through the window, and mike honestly doesn't know what to expect, but all his thoughts are occupied with el.

el would save us.

el.

her huge brown eyes making my heart pound faster and faster.

el.

softly asking me what different objects or words mean.

el.

i miss her.

and it might be his depression, or the fact that they're all probably going to die, he thinks, maybe death's not so bad.

the door swings open, and mike doesn't have the courage to look up. all he sees is dirty white converse, tattered jeans, until he tilts his face up, looking right to the girl he

misses so much.

and mike gasps her name, surging forward.

they meet in the middle of the byer's living room, embracing each other tightly. mike's face buried in her hair and el's face in his neck. they're both close to sobbing, or laughing, or both, when el pulls away, looks into mike's eyes, and firmly plants her lips on his.

oh my lord she's kissing me i'm in love with her she's back she's actually home i'm in love with this girl i'm never letting her go again ever.

yes, everyone is staring at them, jaws down to the floor.

yes, hopper's sending them death glares from his post.

yes, steve is frantically asking "who the ever loving shit is this girl and what's she doing here?"

at the moment, they don't care.

a few seconds pass, mike and el pull away, resting their foreheads on each other's.

"i never gave up on you," mike breathes. "i called you every night for-"

"365 days. i heard."

2. They're playing our sound, laying us down tonight. And all of these clouds bringing us back to life.

Summary for the Chapter:

chapter two- nancy's point of view.

Notes for the Chapter:

she's confused, but she ships it anyways. nancy's not as tough on the inside and she is on the outside.

the gun is heavy, but nancy's graceful and poised as ever, aiming the gun at the door. she only has one thing on her mind.

i'm getting these kids out alive if it's the last damn thing i do. hell, they deserve it more than anybody.

adrenaline is coursing through her veins, mind racing and heart pumping out of her chest. really, the only thing that's keeping nancy grounded is the thought that the kids will make it out alive, and jonathan's shoulder against her own.

she's ready to release the trigger and almost does when the monster crashes through the window, sending glass everywhere.

nancy and jonathan exchange a look of confusion, before hopper nudges it with his foot and declares it dead.

what the hell?

the door swings open, revealing a girl about 13, clad in black punk clothing and smudged eyeshadow.

eleven. well i'll be damned.

nancy lowers her gun, watching her little brother whisper eleven's nickname and hug her tightly. mike had once told her didn't like eleven, but nancy's seriously doubting that statement now.

then eleven kisses him.

shit, my little brother's kissing a girl. and that girl's eleven, no less.

and he looks like he's done it before.

shit.

"damn," jonathan whispers. nancy only nods in response. she expects mike to stutter, or even faint, but he pulls back determinedly.

"i never gave up on you," she hears mike say. "i called you every night for-"

so that's what he's been doing every night in the basement.

"365 days. i heard."

3. I can't help but wonder if our grave was watered by the rain? would roses bloom

Summary for the Chapter:

max's point of view.

Notes for the Chapter:

okay, i am so sorry, i wrote this a while ago and did not realize i got the number of days wrong. it is 353, not whatever i wrote before.

anyways, enjoy max's pov :)

brushing her red hair behind her ear, max stares determinedly at the door to the byer's home.

the sounds of the demo dogs cut through the silent night, their roads shaking her to her core.

the only thing is, max mayfield cannot show her emotions. she will not cry.

fear equals power to the ones hurting you. don't show it, max.

honestly, some would call it stubborn but really, it's a survival skill.

the one who taught her to hide?

billy.

he's scared of me now, but i'm scared too.

max's hand finds lucas's quietly. his trembling fingers grasp hers.

"we'll be fine." lucas whispers weakly.

max nods absentmindedly and squeezes his hand twice. he does the same.

with lucas's hand in hers, she feels better and stronger, until the glass shatters and the stupid monster flies through the window at hopper's feet. up until that moment, she was nervous and scared, now she feels like a coward for wasting her life with fear.

with her head raised high, she watches the door open slowly, a girl about her age walking in. mike's words- "el, she's our mage"- echo through her head.

this must be eleven. holy shit!

eleven looks cool as hell walking in, wearing all black and slightly smudged makeup, like she just came from the city streets.

who knows what she's been up to? and why are the guys hanging out with someone this cool?

mike steps forward and max cranes her neck to catch a glimpse of his face. he's not even trying to hold back his tears, eyes welling up. she's never seen him smile this genuinely before, he's never actually smiled like this.

they practically run towards each other, and eleven takes his face in her hands and kisses him.

damn, wheeler. i didn't know you had it in you.

he pulls away at last, and max is surprised at how grounded he looks, like kissing her has only made him more focused, which she thought would be the opposite.

"i never gave up on you." mike says. "i called you every night for-

"353 days. i heard."

4. When you close your eyes, do you picture me? When you fantasize, am I your fantasy?

Summary for the Chapter:

steve's point of view.

Notes for the Chapter:

steve loves his children, and gets a new one, too.

steve harrington is royally pissed.

he's going to help these kids, but he's also going to fucking lose it if nobody tells him what's actually going on.

these fucking monsters are chasing me, i've basically adopted three shithead kids that i actually like, all i have is a bat with nails in it for protection, and my girlfriend (ex? don't know at this point) ran off with some guy after telling me our whole relationship is bullshit.

it's been a pretty shitty day for steve, if you couldn't tell.

the Steve Bat is clenched in his hand, prepared to whack those fucking monsters in the face if one of them comes in, which they undoubtedly will.

jonathan and nancy are standing next to him. he sees them bump shoulders and grits his teeth.

it doesn't matter. they're happy. i have- who do i have now? dustin? jesus fucking christ.

steve is harshly interrupted from his thoughts by a demodog flying through the window and landing at hopper's feet. he nudges it with his gun. nothing. it's dead.

at this point, steve's screaming "what the fuck" in his head over and

over.

then the door opens, another kid steps in, and he just sighs.

another one?

mike, who painfully reminds him of nancy with his goddamn candlestick, steps forward with a face steve can only describe as “heart eyes”. they hug tightly, before the new kid kisses him.

damn, who is this girl? i thought mike was too nerdy to get a girlfriend?

mike pulls away after a few seconds. “i never gave up on you. i called you every night for-“

the girl speaks up. her voice is soft, not at all what he expected it to be. “353 days. i heard.”

5. Heart made of glass, my mind of stone. Tear me to pieces, skin and bone. Hello, welcome home.

Summary for the Chapter:

now this is the ultimate pov- hopper.
thanks for everything, it's crazy to think that almost
500 people clicked on my story and read it while it's
only been up for a day or two.
enjoy!

internally, jim hopper is going insane. worry about the girl he's come to know as his daughter, worry about these kids that really shouldn't be here in the first place, and worry about joyce (who he may or may not still love).

so many people have died because of these lab assholes. hell, everyone in the room has aged way beyond their years since this whole mess has started. now they're all going to die, and the bad men are going to take over the world. there's no one to save them now.

jim doesn't even know where el is. he should not have left her alone in the first place, now she's gone. he has no clue if she's even alive.

no. don't go there. that girl is stronger than anyone i've ever known, she can survive... wherever she is.

he sighs, gripping his gun tighter. joyce looks up at him and winks. his heart flutters in his chest and shoots her a nervous smile.

jim looks back at the front of the room, at the same time a

demi? demo? whatever dustin called that thing

crashes through the window. he tries not to flinch as he nudges the dead monster with his foot. the locks click open, and he internally curses at the sound because he knows exactly who it is.

that damn girl never knows when to stop sacrificing herself, does she?

except he's grateful to her for saving their asses yet again. el steps in the room, looking like she swam in a pool of ashes. jim runs a hand through his hair, knowing full well that she and her little boyfriend are going to have a dramatic reunion that he cannot interrupt, or he'll have a horde of pubescent kids after him.

el and mike hug, holding each other tight. he feels a rush of protectiveness, almost screaming "hands off her wheeler!" but he refrains.

partly because el deserves happiness, and (he hates himself for this) because

they're so damn cute.

"i never gave up on you," little wheeler says. "i called you. every night for-"

"353 days. i heard."

that's when he intervenes.

Notes for the Chapter:

so how did you guys like it? leave a comment or kudos!